Under a cloud

This town was painted
With choices of foregone years
Every street, sign and shop
Echoes voices of yawning dawn
I must go to the sunset
With something I did not bring
I take what I give back
With a pride I cannot wring

This life is tainted
With noises of broken words
Spoken awoken token
Promises of good intent
Born to carry on
And then one day gone
Empty handed all along
And an aching out of bounds

These moments are icing
Acquainted with the glaze
They're yours, and they're mine
Between us they're slightly divine
Forever trapped somehow
In fingers worn with loss
Let us now rise in love
Each to his or her own cross

This house is rented
On a familiar overdraft
The keys are hidden
Under the welcoming doormat
The garden is over grown
But we like it that way
Blessings and thorns (wherever are they from)
We've reaped more than we've sown

This road is long
This song will never be through
These skies disguise
Rainbows wrapped in blue
My worried bursts of prayer
A mating call to God
Waiting for an answer
Did I miss it when she called

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